THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.] "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE." [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

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THE YOUNG REBEL.

A TALE OF THE CAROLINAS.

BY J. N. SANDERS.

In a small farm house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife and an only son. The face of the father appeared troubled; at times he looked thoughtfully to the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son a fine, manly youth of twenty. At length he said:

'David this is disastrous news from Camden. God knows what will become of the country now! Congres needs every arm that is capable; ah! me, I wish this old wound I got in the French war had not lamed me; but for it, I should now be shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country.'

Both son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting, and looked inquiringly at her boy, and it was evident from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after encountering his father's eye for a moment, turned confusedly away. The old man's brow darkned, and he exclaimed warmly:

'David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much? Why, my son, I am ashamed of you. Twice before this have I spoken to you on this subject, but you appear to have no spirit. What! will you see us trampled upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still lie here supinely! For shame, David, for shame! I will not call you my son. Long since you ought to have been in the army.'

'Joshua! Joshua!' interposed the old mother, 'David is but a youth; then do not speak so harshly to him. He cannot yet feell what you feel, who have fought so often against your country's enemy—he is but a boy.'

'A boy, indeed, Deborah! Such boys as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them!—why, were it not for the boys of this land, where would be our army, which, I dare say, is one quarter composed of boys of his age!'

The old man was excited, and it was the first unkind word he had ever used to his boy.

David rose and left the house. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

'What will not women do?' he at last muttered. 'Here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what? why, to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her musical voice; but now I will be myself again! what did he call me? was it not a coward? Now, by Heavens, I will teach him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away, then, with love, for I feel that I am called upon to act; no longer dream! Ere another fortnight, my father shall hear of me, or else I lose my life in striving for it.' And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stable, saddled his horse, and mounting him, struck into a gallop, which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up at the windows of a farm house, half hid between clustering trees.—This was the residence of Mary Bunker, the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure.

She was alone when he entered, and a few words made her acquainted with his determination. When she burst into tears. 'Nay, Mary,' he added, 'you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in the struggle. But I could not be so cruel as to desert you without a word.'

'I will compose myself,' said the fair girl, with an effort to smile. 'I know I have been wrong to pursuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxieties I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear you to encounter their danger.—But since this dreadful defeat at Camden, I feel that every man is wanted for our country. Go, then, dearest, and may God be with you. My prayers shall attend you night and day.'

David pressed the weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss, at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house armed with a musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates who promised to follow as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farm house, to which he proceeded boldly, in pursuit of lodging. At first the occupant received him coldly, but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a tory, he affected the same political creed, and was immediately warmly welcomed.—The royalist produced his cider after supper and insisted that David should join him in his potationer; this the young man did, taking care not to indulge too freely, while the farmer, overjoyed to find what he supposed to be a new recruit for his party, drank without stint, and became more and more communicative. To his horror, David soon learned that a party of loyalists, led by Major Wilson, celebrated for his toryism and ruthlessness, were to start early on the ensuing day on an expedition, seize and hang the two Bunkers who had made themselves particularly obnoxionous to the royalist leaders. David knew enough of this partizen warfare to be assured that no mercy would be shown his friends. He also knew enough of the character of the Major, that to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition when there were others nearer home. He accordingly set himself to discover from his half inebriated companion the truth. Nor was he long before success crowned his adroit cross-examination.

'Why, you see,' said the host, 'I believe there's a little revenge for the slight received from these fellows' sister, mixed up with the Major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty, they say, and the Major when she was down here on a visit last year—before the war—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to do with him. Ever since, he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend upon it, he will have her on his own terms now. Thank Heaven! there's no law to prevent an honest royalist from doing as he pleases to these rascally rebels.—But yonder is the Major now,' suddenly said the host, starting up. 'I will introduce you at once—a merry fellow you'll find him. Lord love you, he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to hear more of the tory's plans, and find means if possible to circumvent them. He arose, therefore, and shook the Major's hand warmly, pledged him immediately in a bumper, and so contrived to make the loyalist believe that he was anxious to join a troop and take part against the rebels. This induced the Major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain was concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night. He pretended that several others of his friends were dissatisfied, and desirous of joining the loyalists; and his object, he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempting bait took; the Major promised a command in his troop in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth after he had taken a few hours' rest, in order to lose no time gathering together his recruits.

The dread of discovery had been constantly before our hero during the arrangement of his negotiation, for his person was well known to many of the Major's troops; and if any of them had come up, his feigned name would not protect him from detection. He wished to get off that night, as he proposed; but to this neither his host nor the Major would hear, and was forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear that the Major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to Bunkers with his troops. Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hasty breakfast, and mounting his horse rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he struck into a fierce gallop, which continued till he came in sight of a cross-road where was a tavern. Here he stopped, and learning that the royalists had taken the high road, he turned into a more narrow and circuitous by-road.

'It is my only chance to avoid them,' he said, again dashing into a gallop. 'I pray God I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads, and march to the Bunkers. There is no other hope now left!

Night had fallen in, as they had expected, before the tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march through the woods it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows, and when they arrived close to the premises, the lively notes of a violin reached their ears, proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but were enjoying themselves in imagined security.

'Now, men,' whispered the leaders of the tories, 'when I give the word, fire a volley at the house by way of introduction; we will then surround the house and enter it.

At that instant the deep bay of a dog rang on their ears and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the Major.

"Fire!" he cried.

Twenty guns broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the windows were shivered, and the tories yelled like savages. In an instant the lights in the house were extinguish, the violin as quickly ceased and a noise was heard at the door. The tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank, resisted all their efforts. A rifle cracked from one of the windows, and a tory feel, desperately wounded. Another report succeeded and another tory fell. Major Wilson was now fully aware that both Bunkers were at home, and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and beneath this the tories, shielded from the fire of the Bunkers, went to work at the door. Suspecting resistance perhaps from his knowledge of their character—one of his men brought an axe, with which he commenced hewing at the door, and soon cut it in pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued. The brothers were powerful and courageous as they were strong; and now with clubbed rifles they disputed the whole tory force. The door being small, they stood their ground for half an hour, felling, during that time, some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally numbers overcome them, and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The tories, inflamed to madness at the resistance that had been made, and at their own losses, now seized the mother and sister and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied around the necks of their victims, when the Major addressed his men:

"Now, friends, as soon as these villians are dead, we will set fire to the house—the old woman there, said he with a brutal laugh, may be left inside, but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Hist!" cried one of the men in a loud voice. The Major ceased, and they heard a voice out-side of the house. Although the words were spoken low, the listeners distinctively heard:

"When I say fire, give it to them!

A man with a blanched cheek rushed into the house, exclaiming:

"The yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard. A general volley succeeded, and so well had the aim been directed in the door that several of the tories fell either dead or desperately wounded. In turn, then, rushed the tories retreated up stairs, when David, our hero, rushed into the room they had just left and cut the ropes of the Bunkers.

"May God bless you for this," cried the grateful fellows.

The two men sprung up, seized their rifles, which had been left in the rooms, and prepared to retaliate the treatment they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle.

The tories fought for life—the whigs for revenge. But at length the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had been almost exterminated. The Major fell by the arm of our hero, who sough him out in the hottest of the fight and engaged him single-handed.

No language of ours can express the emotions of David, as he pressed his betrothed wife to his bosom, and his heart went up in thankfulness to Heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour would have consigned her to a fate worse than death.

The gratitude of her brothers were expressed in many words, but her's was silent and tearful, yet how much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him when they met, "but you are a chip of the old block, and I did you wrong, Deborah, he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed—it beats everything I ever saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act, drew around him in a few weeks more than a score of hardy young fellows, who fought with him to the end of the war, when he returned and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

Remedy for Scarlet Fever.—A lady who has had some experience in the treatment of Scarlet fever, and seen the following remedy used with never-failing effect, asks us to publish it for the benefit of our readers. It is as follows:

'Immediately on the first symptoms of scarlet fever, which is sore throat, give a full dose of jalap, to an adult 60, 70 or 80 grains; at night give strong red pepper tea, from a tea cup full to a pint, according to age and violence of symptoms; the next day give a small dose of jalap, say half the quantity given the day before, continue the pepper tea at night, on the third day, if there is any soreness remaining in the throat give a doso of salts, which will generally effect a cure; the dose must of course be regulated according to the age of the patient.'

The above remedy was used with great success in South Carolina, some years ago by Edward Chaplin, who then furnished it to the public.

An editor out West being deserted by his printers, who were "on a strike," was compelled to turn into the office himself. In his next week's paper appeared a graphic account of the circumstance, composed by the editor's "own fair fingers," concluding with the words—"Talk of the sublime art of printing! bless our souls! it's as easy as rolling off a log."

A MEDLEY SONG.

The moon was shining silver bright?
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
When freedom from her mountain height,
Exclaimed, "Now don't be folish, Joe."

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke,
A humble bee went thundering by,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
And spread its pall upon the sky.

His echoing axe the settler swung;
He was a lad of high degree,
And deep the pearly caves among,
He heard, "Oh! woodman, spare that tree!"

Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
And cloudless sets the sun at even;
When twilight dews are falling fast,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
By torch and trumpet fast arrayed;
Beneath you ivy-mantled tower,
The bull-frog croaks his serenade.

My love is like the red, red rose,
He bought a ring with posie true;
Sir Barney Botkin broke his nose,
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!

MORTALITY OF CHILDREN IN RUSSIA.

A terrible picture of the mortality of children in Russia is given in a journal called the Rousky Dnevnik. It appears that a vast proportion of this premature death is assignable to that carelessness of mothers, which continually exposes children to fatal accidents. "The indifference of our peasantry," observes a writer in the journal above mentioned, "with respect to their children exceeds all belief. They give themselves not the least concern about their offspring. The consequence is that only a very small proportion of the children brought into the world reach maturity. The mortality of children under five years of age is, no doubt, considerable in all countries, but in Russia it is frightful. Many more than one-half of the children born in this country died in the very earliest period of infancy. One-eighth die between the ages of five and ten, and another eighth, between ten and twenty; thus three-fourths perish before reaching mature age. Where are we to look for the cause of this mortality? It cannot be referred to climate, for throughout the whole extent of Russia there is no climate more inimical to health than that of St. Petersburg; and yet in the capital the deaths in infancy are not, as in other parts of the empire, in the proportion of one-half, but only of one-third, to the births. The reason is that children are more cared for, and their physical development is better attended to in St. Petersburg than in the provinces. The ignorance and superstition of the lower classes of the people have, in many instances, a most fatal influence on the management of children. Of this the following facts afford a melancholy example. Last August small pox of a very malignant character broke out in several villages of the government of Voronetz, and made fearful ravages among the children of both sexes. The activity of the disease was considerably heightened by the humid climate, the uncleanliness of the people, the bad quality and scantiness of food, and the ignorance and negligence of mothers in the treatment of the patients. A physician residing in one of the infected districts found a young child suffering under a most terrible attack of small pox. He offered his professional assistance, which was obstinately rejected by the mother, who observed that if it were written that her child must die, no doctor could save him. However, the poor woman was fondly attached to her child, and at length she yielded to the doctor's recommendations, and said, "Well, you may try to cure him, and may God help you." On being asked why the child had not been vaccinated, she replied that when the men came into the village to vaccinate the children she hid her boy, and though the men came into her hut several times they could not find him.

Vaccination, she observed, was an impious practice, and she could not charge her conscience with the sin of making her child a victim to it. "But," said the doctor, "you have been compelled to have your child vaccinated." The woman shook her head sorrowfully, and most piteously wept. Another woman, who happened to be present, said that she had a child, and that if any doctor were to vaccinate if she would suck the matter or even bite out the piece of flesh with her teeth to prevent the diabolical operation taking effect. This opinion on the subject of vaccination is general among the Ruskolnigs, or schismatics, of the district of Korotiak; but it also prevails in districts in which there is no schism. The Russian peasantry generally look upon a doctor with distrust; and in cases of illness, they invariably prefer the assistance of the village sorcerer."—*Bulletin.*

A dandy with more beauty than brains married an heiress, who, although very accomplished, was by no means handsome. One day he said to her, "My dear, as ugly as you are, I love you as well as though you were pretty." "Thank you, love," was the reply, "I can return the compliment, for fool as you are, I love you as well as though you had wit."

The moon seems to most unsteady of all celestial luminaries; she is continually shifting her quarters.

PROF. LIEBER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HUMBOLDT.

A regular meeting of the American Geographical and Statistical Society was held in New York on Thursday evening, and the regular order of business being dispensed with, resolutions were passed and several of the persons present delivered addresses, in honor of Humboldt. Among others who addressed the meeting were Professors Lieber, Bache and Guyot, and Hon. George Bancroft. Letters were also read from Lieut. Maury, D. D. Barnard and others. We print a few extracts from the remarks of Prof. Lieber:

It is not considered inappropriate, I believe, on occasions like this, to give distinctness to the picture by stating personal observations. Allow me, then, to relate a very simple, yet characteristic, fact. I visited Humboldt at Potsdam in the year 1844, when he had reached, therefore, the age of seventy-five; for you know that he was born in that memorable year, 1769, in which Cuvier was born, and Wellington and Chauteaubriand, and Napoleon, and Canning, and Walter Scott, and McIntosh—just ten years after Schiller, just twenty after Goethe. Humboldt told me at that time that he was engaged in a work which he intended to call Cosmos; that he was obliged chiefly to write at night, for in the morning he studied and arranged materials, and in the evening he was expected to be with the King from 9 o'clock to about 11. After his return from the King he was engaged in writing until 1 or 2 o'clock.

Humboldt, when in Berlin or Potsdam, was retained, if we may use the professional term, to join the evening circle of the King for the indicated hours. It was all, I believe, he was actually expected to perform in return for the titles, honors and revenue which he was enjoying, except that the monarch sometimes selected him as a companion on his journeys. Humboldt described to me the character of these royal evening reunions. Everything of interest, as the day brought it to notice was there discussed. The drawing of a beautiful live oak, near Charleston, which a fair friend had made for me, was taken by Humboldt to that circle, where it attracted so much attention, that he begged me to leave it, and he told me that the volume describing our aqueduct, which my friend the author, now the President of the College, had given me at the time of its publication, and which I had then sent him, had furnished the topic of discussion for an entire week. We collected, he said, all possible works on ancient and modern aqueducts, and compared, discussed and applied, for many successive evenigs. Is there, then, a royal road to knowledge, after all, when a Humboldt can be retained?

May I extend your supposed permission of giving personal anecdotes, provided they are of a sufficiently biographical character, such as Plutarch, perhaps would not have disdained to record? I desire to show what interest he took in everything connected with progress. I have reason to believe that it was chiefly owing to him that the King of Prussia offered me, not long after my visit, a chair to be created in the University of Berlin, exclusively devoted to the science and art of punishment, or to Poenology. I had conversed with the Monarch on the superiority of solitary confinement at labor over all the other prison systems, when he concluded our interview with these words: "I wish you would convince M. von Humboldt of your views. He is rather opposed to them. I shall let him know that you will see him."

Humboldt and prison discipline sounded strange to my ears. I went and found that he loved truth better than his own opinion or bias; and my suggestion that so comprehensive a University as that of Berlin, our common native city, ought to be honored with having the first chair of poenology, for which it was high time to carve out a distinct branch of treating the convict in all his phases after the act of conviction, was seized upon at once by his liberal mind. He soon carried the Minister of Justice along with him, and the offer to which I have alluded was the consequence.

On the other hand, a friend, whose name is perhaps more interwoven with the history of our canal than that of any other citizen, except Clinton, informs me that he had the pleasure of sitting by the side of Humboldt at a royal dinner, at Charlottenburg. During the whole time they were engaged in conversing almost exclusively on our great canal, and that greater one which ought to unite in everlasting wedlock the sturdy Atlantic and teeming Pacific, have now yearned for one another for centuries. Humboldt spoke with a knowledge of details and a sagacious discernment which were surprising to my friend, well versed in all the knowledge of details of these topics.

The most perfect image of social refinement which I have to this day in my mind is an early evening party at the villa of William von Humboldt, near the Lake Tegal. Nature has not done much for that spot, but refined simplicity, courtesy and taste, easy interchange of thought and experience, men of name and women of attractive elegance and high acquirements, young and old, travellers, courtiers, soldiers and students, music, works of art, green lawns, shrubbery and winding paths along smooth water or waving fields, are the components of that scene, in the midst of which the two illustrious Humboldts moved and delighted others as much as they seemed to be gratified, giving and receiving as all others did, never condescending, never indicating a consciousness that they encouraged the timid, but showing how gladly they received additional knowledge from every one.

There are men here around me of honored names in those sciences which Humboldt cultivated more especially as his own. I hope they will indicate to us how he infused a new spirit into them, how he immeasurably extended them, how he added discoveries and original conception: but I, though allowed to worship these sciences in the peristyle only, and not as a consecrated priest, crave permission to say a few words even on this topic.

Some fifteen years ago Humboldt presided over the annual meeting of Naturalists, then held at Berlin. In his opening speech he chiefly discoursed on the merits of Linnæus. He knew of Linnæus as Herodotus knew of Salamis and Thermopylæ, for the life of the great Swede overlapped by some ten years that of Humboldt and all he there said of Linnæus seems to me to apply to himself with far greater force and on an enlarged scale. In that speech, too, I remember, he quoted his friend Schiller. Humboldt was, in a marked manner, of a poetic temperament. I do not believe that without it, he would have been able to receive those living impressions of nature, and to combine what was singly received, those vivid descriptions and in language so true and transparent, that they surprise the visitor of the scenes to this day. He had that constructive imagination—I do not speak now of inventive fancy—without which no man can be great in any branch, whether it belong to nature or to history.

Old Age.—It is pleasant to look upon those whom old age has furrowed with many years. They tell us of lives well spent, when in addition to years the ruddiness of health still lingers, loth to depart, upon the shrunken cheeks.

Old age is the Alpine height of life, from which the soul looks down through the long vista of the past upon deeds that have added to the happiness of the race.

The good man who has seen the sun rise and set upon his generation, and who is ready with patriarch hand to bless the world, and smiling, bid it good night forever, is a noble monument to look at.

Rarely do men of turbulent souls live that period when they can say we have embraced Old Age; and are thence prepared to go willingly to the silent chambers of the dead, there to prepare themselves for that journey into the unknown regions of eternity which all must take.

Only the good grow old. It is only they who, loving truth—who, having rested confidingly upon lofty assurances and holy purposes, gradually pass from stage to stage in Life's great journey—enjoy what may be truly called a "sweet old age"—an age that is full of honor and glory.

We all respect the aged. No one, however uncouth his nature, but feels in the presence of the snow-crowned patriarch as if there were something of Heaven near unto him. Such a one knows that one life at least has been well spent—that a soldier, full of honor, has retired from the battle of the world, and is now calmly awaiting the hour when he shall be summoned to his reward; and that, when he does depart, there are those who will not soon forget his place even in the narrow circle in which for the last time he saw the sun, so typical of his career, go down forever.

Remarking upon sweet old age, a writer has well said, "God sometimes give to man guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish—and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow, without sign of decay. This is that fought-for land of Beulah, where they who have travelled manfully the Christian way, abide awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy loisure. Thrice blessed the family that numbers among it one of those not yet ascended saints! Gentle are they and tolerant, and apt to play with little children, easy to be pleased with little pleasures."

An Interesting Letter.—The finest of wits, Oliver Wendell Holmes, sent two poetical letters to the 'Post Office' of an Episcopal Fair at Pittsfield. In one of them the first stanza was:

"Fair lady, whoso'r thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care,
And—hush, O hush thy breathing heart—
The one thou lovest will be there."

On turning the "poor leaf," there was found a one dollar bill with some verses, beginning:

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter,
This is the one (1) thou lovest well
And nought (0) can make thee love it better.
(10)"

WIT ON TOMBSTONES.

A vast amount of wit is to be gathered from tombstones, and mortuary puns have long been famous. The epitaph of the witty divine, Dr. Thos. Fuller, is worthy of himself, simply:

Fuller's earth.

There is a professional point in the epitaph of the eminent barrister, Sir John Strange:

Here lies an honest lawyer—that is *Strange*.

And by what an outrageous quibble has the name of Wm. Button, Esq., been handed down to immortality. The epitaph is to be seen in a churchyard near Salisbury:

O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes!

There is something quaint and touching in this epitaph of Grimaldi, the distinguished clown:

Here I am!

One of the best of this briefer kind was proposed by Jerrold, whose wit did not always wear so courteous a dress. Charles Knight, the Shakspearian critic, was the subject, and the words:

Good Knight.

Professional rivalry produced this ill-natured inscription for the tombstones of a Western editor.

Here *lies* an Editor.

It is added that the injured man recommended the author to use the inscription as a motto for his own journal.

Of histrionic epitaphs the best is this one on one of Shakspeare's actors:

Exit Burbage.

In a similar vein a wit gave a couplet to Mrs. Oldfield, the most celebrated actress of her day:

This we must own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

Something of compliment is here sacrificed to make the point. It is the reverse of Malcolm's Eulogy on Cowdor:

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving of it.

The comedian Foote takes his turn thus;

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd:
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

Westminster Abbey has some noticeable epitaphs. This, by Samuel Wesley, is on the monument to butler, the author of Hudibras:

When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give,
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

This couplet, on a monument to John Gay, the poet, is hardly suited to a Christian church:

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it.

And what a defiance there is in this, on the monument of 'that gallant soldier, Sir Thomas Vere:'

When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapon he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, struck him and he died.

Sir Thomas Parkins, the great wrestler, caused a monument to be built for himself, on which was a sculpture in relief depicting death in the act of throwing Sir Thomas The epitaph, which is in Latin, reads as follows:

Here lies the chief, who once threw all,
Thrown by the conquering arm of Death,
Who ne'er had given the knight a fall,
But that he found him out of breath.
But boast not, Death! with empty pride,
Thy strength; the day will come when he,
Arising, with fresh breath supply'd,
Shall vanquish time, and conquer thee.

Miss long was a beautiful actress of the last century, so short in stature that she was known as the pocket Venus. Her epitaph concludes—

Though long, yet short,
Though short, yet *Pretty* Long.

Quick on the Trigger.—'You will please observe," said old Mr. Lambwell, as he led us through his school the other day, "that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness as well as to discipline."

We had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water bucket, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of the cup, while the old gentleman was stooping over to recover his pen from the floor, when another passing along behind, snapped his fingers quite under the drinker's ear, and caused him on a sudden to eject the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright, with his face and hair dripping the master shouted:—

"Who did that?"

The party unanimously cried out—

"Jim Gun, sir."

"James Gun, what did you do that for?"

Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done, muttered that it was not his fault—that Tom Owen snapt him.

This changed the direction of old Lambwell's wrath, and shaking his cane portentously over Owen's head, he asked:—

"Did you snap Gun?"

The culprit, trembling with fear, muttered:—

"Yes, sir, I snapt Gun—*but I didn't know that he was loaded.*"

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maiden said to her lover when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.